

The Sun

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The Country to the Rescue.

There is time now to consider the remarkable sequence of the assault upon the President and see why his life was preserved.

On the instant of the deed there advanced to the front the spirit of promptitude in action that whirled the stricken man to the place where he could be treated best. A hospital properly equipped for all emergencies was near. An ambulance was at hand. And there too was the surgeon who on the moment knew what to do. Scarcely fifteen minutes elapsed between the injury and the beginning of the operation.

Two special dangers follow bullet wounds in the abdomen; hemorrhage, and outflow of the contents of the abdominal regions into the general peritoneal cavity. No minutes are all-important. But there were men standing by who were equal to the occasion.

All precedents in the treatment of illustrious patients were thrown to the winds. There was not the waste of a moment, no summoning of a council, no waiting for moral support, no division of responsibility. The operation upon the President was essentially the act of an individual who dared and did, and his deed was splendid in its daring and mastery in its execution.

Too much credit cannot be given to the operator, Dr. MANN, or to the medical director of the Fair for the perfection of his provision against accidents. And no small number of able men, some of the very highest professional eminence, were there to advise. But apart from that, there was nothing surprising in the ensuing demonstration of professional learning and skill.

It is no exaggeration to say that there are to be found in every considerable town of this country, not alone a few individuals of special fame, but dozens capable of rendering just such services as were given to the distinguished victim in Buffalo. The progress of hospital equipment and organization throughout the country has been as thorough and marvellous as the country's industrial growth. Admirable and efficient hospitals are to be found in small towns and even villages, directed by modest men possessing the knowledge and skill to carry out the healer's noble work in its highest grades. The impulse to this development has emanated doubtless from the hospital organizations in the greater cities. Here, for example, is a Mecca for innumerable visitors from distant parts. Here is a stimulus for emulation, and here models are supplied for adaptation to the needs of lesser districts. The general progress of American medical science, whose possibilities have been so strikingly illustrated as the outcome of the recent horror, has been as brilliant as it has been broad.

There needs no analysis of WILLIAM MCKINLEY's character for him to be recognized as full to the brim of the genius of his country; and it is that which has saved him. Happening as he did to be stricken in Buffalo, it was none the less the national quickness of thought, boldness of hand and thoroughness of knowledge that came to his rescue.

A German Army Scandal.

In spite of the criticisms of Social Democrats and of numerous instances of brutality and insolence on the part of army officers toward subordinates and toward civilians, Germany has hitherto accepted submissively its War Lord's estimate of his army, and has put up with military burdens as a necessity for the existence of the nation. A recent court-martial decision, however, has caused stupefaction and horror throughout the country and may have important political results by arousing as deep distrust of army officers on the part of citizens as the Dreyfus trial created in France. Newspapers of all shades of opinion attack the decision and even the ultra-left *Post* and *Kreuzzeitung*, the advocates of the army, right or wrong, find it impossible to defend it.

The facts in the case are briefly as follows: In the winter of 1900 Major von KROSTK of the Eleventh Dragoons, was drilling a squadron in horsemanship in the riding school of the barracks at Gumbinnen in East Prussia, when he was shot dead by some one firing from the doorway held ajar. The shot came from a carbine in a rack near the doorway, as was proved by inspection afterward, but the soldier to whom the carbine belonged was with the squadron, drilling, and could not have fired it. At the same time the perpetrator could only have been some person attached to the barracks. After a while several arrests were made and among the persons taken into custody were a sergeant named MARTEN and another sergeant, a brother-in-law.

A court-martial was held, and as very soon evidence of von KROSTK's brutal behavior to his men was put in, the Court adopted the measure of excluding publicity whenever anything reflecting on the army arose. The evidence against MARTEN was purely circumstantial, and not enough to secure a conviction. The chief witness against him was another sergeant who gave testimony as conflicting that the Court refused to put him upon oath and practically excluded his statements. MARTEN, however, an excellent soldier, was admitted, whose character had been previously unimpeached, was obliged in accounting for his movements at the time of the murder, to con-

firm that he had violated some military regulations. His fear of punishment led him to break prison after his arrest, but after a day's wandering and thinking about the matter he had returned and given himself up. The Court which acquitted him of the murder condemned him to an extravagant long term of imprisonment for his breach of discipline.

Against this sentence MARTEN appealed. So did the prosecuting officer, as the law in Prussia allows, on the ground that the sentence was inadequate. No new evidence was presented. The case against the suspected man was as weak as at the previous trial. This time, however, in answer to the complaints of the press at the first trial, there was no secrecy. The whole story of von KROSTK's brutality was told. It was shown that he had been punished previously for mistreating his men, and a brother officer testified that he had expressed a particular hatred for MARTEN and all his family. To every one's surprise the Court admitted the testimony of the sergeant who had been discredited at the former trial. The prosecutor, feeling sure that he could not secure a conviction, asked illogically that MARTEN be sentenced for manslaughter to a long term of imprisonment. The evidence pointed clearly to an acquittal. The Court acquitted MARTEN's alleged accomplice, but condemned MARTEN himself to death and, unfortunately for itself, gave its reasons.

The Court held that it was out of the question that any but a soldier did the killing. There was no evidence against any one but MARTEN. His behavior was such as to arouse suspicion. His quarrels with von KROSTK and that officer's mistreatment of him were motives enough for the crime, as he was sensitive and easily angered, though a good soldier. His alibi was not wholly made out and his escape after arrest and behavior during the trial were particularly suspicious. Therefore the Court held him guilty of premeditated murder.

Germany is fairly stunned by the sentence. There is no likelihood that it will be carried out at present, for even if the Kaiser does not interfere, MARTEN has appealed again, as the law permits him, and, strangely enough, so has the presiding officer of the Court, on the ground that the alleged accomplice should not have been acquitted. Nevertheless the mental attitude of the thoroughly respectable officers constituting the Court has excited natural alarm. As the *Hamburger Nachrichten* puts it, the sentiment among army officers is that immunity from punishment for an officer's murder would be a terrible blow to the discipline of the army. They say: "The interests of a solitary individual like MARTEN must be subordinated to the general interests of the army. Even were he innocent his execution would cause a wholesome fear among men. If the murder is unrevealed all order is at an end."

The German Army is a body of mercenaries, neither is it a profession by itself, it is the whole able-bodied male population of the country. The officers, on the other hand, form almost a caste by themselves. They have a strong sense of justice, and the thought that their sons, even though innocent, may be sacrificed for the salvation of an arrogant caste, will probably increase greatly that Social-Democratic party which the Kaiser detests. Not a newspaper in Germany has dared to uphold the atrocious judgment.

Unless the War Lord sees that justice is done he may find himself face to face with a people, already tired of military burdens, that refuses to do military or naval service, if subject to such conditions.

The Meritless Vase of Pilduzer Park.

As was expected, the cool weather has brought thousands of pilgrims to Hagerstown, Md., the capital of Dithyramb DICK. If the rush continues, tents will be put up in Pilduzer Park. The combined Dithyramb DICK Societies and Clubs of the United States and Canada will visit Hagerstown next week. During their visit it will be well for other excursionists to stay away, as the crowds may be excessive. Still, all admirers of the poet will be welcome whether they are members of the clubs and societies or not. It has been feared that the joys of a brilliant success and the enthusiasm of his worshippers would turn his head a little or check the genial current of his pen. Yet he is fuller of matter and manner than ever.

A Professor in the University of Chicago, utterly misunderstanding the genius of the prose HOMER of Hagerstown, has seen fit to call him "the Maryland EUPHROSINE," as if there were a trace of effusion and pedantry in his works. There never was a more luscious natural felicity of expression than his, seldom has there been a deeper well of poetry. Yet not always does APOLLO bend his bow. Now to most Dickens will be a specimen of his "realist" style, in which he seems to be as much at home as in his better known romantic productions. An evangelist!

"I tendered his friends a watermelon party last night at the camp about forty being present and six freely of the melons, about three of which were procured, exultantly, said Prof. DASHBURY and choir."

Here the melons are remarkable, but the language is simple, easy, without poetical ornament. In "It Is to Sob," he returns to what may be called his fanciful or fantastic manner, airy, elusive, gracious:

"This is a tale of love, love that began in a wide western valley of lushness and has ended by running up a towering tree. It is an East End story, has been happening up to a lovely lake out by Widdowson and he was wont to praise out behind a dappled charger to look himself at his feet and grow with the sweet palpitations of preening love. He was weary of that, and bird himself to a bike shop where he bought a steady steed, light and high gear. Now I will have the ready mount, quoth he to himself, to top the hills and skim the dunes to where my love dwains to be his nearest neighbor. He thought that, too. The very next night he sailed out by Widdowson and he was wont to praise out behind a dappled charger to look himself at his feet and grow with the sweet palpitations of preening love. He was weary of that, and bird himself to a bike shop where he bought a steady steed, light and high gear. 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